

Wu Tzu poems



THE SUPREME MASTER CHING HAI

Wa Tzu Poems



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Photo courtesy of Dr. Dr. Rudolf G.

Biography of The Supreme Master Ching Hai

*T*he Supreme Master Ching Hai was born in Central Au Lac (Vietnam). At the age of eighteen, Master Ching Hai moved to England to study, and then later to France and then Germany, where She worked for the Red Cross and married a German physician. After two years of happy marriage, with Her husband's blessings, She left Her marriage in pursuit of enlightenment, thus fulfilling an ideal that had been with Her since Her childhood. This began a time of arduous pilgrimages to many different countries that ended only when She met a perfect living Master in the Himalayas. Master Ching Hai received the divine transmission of the inner Light and Sound, which She later called the Quan Yin Method. After a period of diligent practice, She attained Perfect Enlightenment.



To satisfy the longing of sincere Truth seekers, the Supreme Master Ching Hai offers the Quan Yin Method of meditation to people of all nationalities, religions and cultural backgrounds. Her message of love and peace brings spiritual liberation and hope to people throughout the world, reminding all to uphold Truth, Virtue, and Beauty in life.

Part from setting a noble example, Supreme Master Ching Hai also encourages others to beautify the world through inspired creativity. Expressing Her inner joy through diverse media such as painting, poetry, jewelry and clothing designs, and musical compositions, Master Ching Hai seeks to enhance the outer as well as the inner beauty of all people with whom She comes in contact. Her artistic creations, displayed in exhibitions throughout the world, remind us of the inner spiritual realms. Her poems have served as a source of inspiration for many renowned composers, who have adapted the poems to music and performed the compositions to worldwide acclaim.

At a banquet honoring The Supreme Master Ching Hai in 1993, Mayor Frank F. Fasi of Honolulu, Hawaii, proclaimed: “The Supreme Master Ching Hai brings love to places around the world still plagued with hatred. She brings hope where there is despair, and She brings understanding where there is misunderstanding. She is the light of a great person, an angel of mercy for all of us.”

Foreword

The verses in *Wu Tzu Poems* were composed during a period spanning from the Author's initial spiritual quest through the time of Her attainment. "Wu Tzu," which may be translated as "No Death" or "Life Eternal," is The Supreme Master Ching Hai's pen name from that significant phase in Her life.

Originally written in Aulacese, all of the poems in this collection have been translated into English by The Supreme Master Ching Hai International Association (SMCHIA) Book Department, with guidance from the Author. To provide readers with a glimpse of The Supreme Master Ching Hai's genuine appreciation for the art of poetry, we have included an excerpt from the translated poem "The Saint" with editing comments by the Poet.

Wu Tzu Poems presents an intimate chronicle of the Poet's journey in search of the Truth. This undertaking was motivated by Her deep yearning to seek enlightenment for all beings, not just Herself, even at a time when Her life was regarded as highly successful by worldly standards.

Each poem marks a step on the passage toward spiritual awakening. But these verses reveal more than just a series of stages; they also reflect the devotion of a great Soul, and as such, touch the true Self or Soul in each of us.

We hope that readers who have felt a longing for Home will find a profound echo of their own sentiments within these pages.

The Saint

Originally in *Aulacese*: “Thánh Nhân”

*In the glory of the summer sun You appear, and the sun seems to be dazed
You appear like a precious, refreshing stream! Your being, shines like the rays of countless jewels
But Your mighty power spans the Himalayas
The ocean-light from Your benevolent eyes an immense ocean...
Brightens the darkest corner of my soul!*

*Your smile gladdens my jaded soul heart
Kneeling down, I remember not any worldly language sense!
Looking up to Your majestic saintly being
I offer My tear-filled heart became a wholesome offering.*

*Whence comes Your precious manifestation?
Regal hands graciously bestow love in great abundance.
A mortal soul, lost and fragile
In a glimpse Suddenly, recalls her original Nature Self.*

Supreme Master Ching Hai is a consummate artist who deeply cherishes the beauty of poetic expression. Words in blue color reflect Her interpretive revisions and reveal the poem's more perfect meaning.

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I'd Rather Be a Plant

Originally in Aulacese: "Thà Làm Cò Cày"

*My heart aches, disaster everywhere to see
Tears fall with sorrow for a world in misery!
Why be born to a human fate?
I'd rather be a plant, in mountain and forest, carefree.*

München, Germany

Lunar New Year at the Red Cross Office

Originally in Aulacese: "Tết Ta Trong Sở Hồng Thập Tự"

New Year's Eve.

Three o'clock: Saying good-bye to the sun.

Four o'clock: Walking impassively to the car.

Evening comes, Heaven and Earth in dark slumber.

On New Year's Eve...

Dreaming of returning to my homeland – afar.

First day of the New Year.

Six o'clock: The alarm goes off.

Clambering to get up, skin as cold as copper!

Cup of coffee so bitter,

No sweet rice cake, only old bread – rock hard – !

Second day of the New Year.

*What's the point of New Year when work is so relentless?
Lonely purple blouses and rosa trousers
Curled up in a corn', missing their owner!
I yearn for the wonderful springtime in my sunny country.
In this foreign land, icy snow keeps falling indifferently.*

Third day of the New Year.

*Only one more night, and that's it!
Tomorrow the New Year will be sadly gone.
Well then, who'd need all this spring,
As if time had never changed, I imagine...!*

Schwabing, Bavaria



Sympathy

Originally in Aulacese: "Thüòng Vay"

*Passing by this way,
The view reminds me of you.
Snow drapes everywhere, the sky in gloom!
A hundred years concluded in one second.
Some people are gone, while others still remain.
Life is such a meaningless, poignant dream!*



Master and Her husband on their wedding day
Photo courtesy of Dr. Dr. Rudolf G.

The Labyrinth

Originally in Aulacese: "Mê Lô"

*When you came here, celestial dreams were forgotten –
Cherishing some earthly love for self-amusement.*

*Watching you is heartbreaking:
Once entering the labyrinth,
Who knows what lifetime you'll exit!*

Wildbad – Schwarzwald, Germany
May 1980

If You Are Going to the Land of Supreme Bliss

Originally in Aulacese: "Ai Vê Cít Lạc"

*For many springs I've hoped to become a renunciate
Years of the Tiger, Monkey, Snake and Pig* went by,
Still I hung around, playing housewife.
Assuring the Dragon and Cat, just to pass the time,
Promising the Rat and Goat, probably 'til I'm old and gray.
With the Ox and Horse, anger and ignorance were barely under control;
Then came the Dog and Rooster, greed and passion already erupted!
If you're packing to go to the Land of Supreme Bliss**
Won't you give me a ride to Amitabha Buddha's for a visit?*

München, Germany

*All the animals in this poem are a playful arrangement to present the twelve zodiac signs of Eastern astrology.

**Land of Supreme Bliss: A Buddhist term to denote the spiritual realm reigned by Amitabha (Infinite Light) Buddha

Abandoned Mansion

Originally in Aulacese: "Lâu Hoang"

*Once I came upon an empty mansion
The broken door: spiderwebs curtained
At the gate ajar, crickets chirped!
Through vacant rooms the wind sighed a sad tune
As if ancient spirits wandered about in mourning.
Mossy walls endured many misty nights and suns.
Here and there, a few cherry blossoms struggled to bloom!*

*Sun-burnt grass
Covered traces of a glorious past...*

Rapallo, Italy
Summer 1981



Master on a pilgrimage in Burma
Photo courtesy of Dr. Dr. Rudolf G.

Like the Clouds High Above

Originally in Aulacese: "Mhut Aug Mây Cao"

O Buddha on the radiant dais high above,
I'm so lost, stumbling through the dark road!
I want to be devout, but it seems beyond my reach,
Wanting to be virtuous, yet always deep in blunders and mistakes.

*M*any times I tell myself to repent,
But binding ties beckon me toward the reincarnate existence.
My earthly garment tattered in the wind and lightning,
How I long to clutch a corner of Buddha's saintly raiment!

*O*nce again, I drift aimlessly in the ocean of life
Bewildered, unsure of direction...
At night still dreaming of glory and achievement,
Only to awake and face the reality of broad daylight's frustration!

*Nightmares are heavy curtains obscuring my wisdom,
And calamities are swaying my faith.
Vulnerable, I gauge every staggering step,
Relying on the light of Buddha's teaching
To guide through the passageway of ignorance.*

*Many times I want to sever all attachments
But my heart clings to old karmic bindings.
Passion weaves its web, daily survival ties my limbs!
The harder the struggle, the deeper the entanglement...*

*○ Buddha on the miraculous dais,
I'm so lost in countless worlds of misery.
I want to be noble, but why am I so lowly?
I long to be liberated, yet I'm still drowning...*

*Each passing day is dreary evermore
The sight of Buddha as elusive as the clouds high above!*

Rapallo, Italy
Summer 1981



Wishing

Originally in Aulacese: "Ước Nguyện"

*It seems the dew descended last night,
Leaving the lush garden a jeweled sight.
This morn delicate sunrays shiver in the wind,
Reminiscent of spring days gone quickly by.*

*It seems only yesterday, though decades have passed;
The body is weary from earthly journeys!
Fame and talents, half a lifetime preoccupied,
Then laid to rest in a square meter one day.*

*I want to dissolve into the gossamer mist,
Put away mundane burdens, shake off the dust...
So that I may journey to the Land of Light, visit the Buddha
And fulfill my longing from myriad eras.*

München, Germany
1981